3

Songs, Chorusses, &c.

992.23
3

IN THE

NEW PANTOMIME OF

HARLEQUIN's TOUR;

OR, THE

DOMINION of FANCY.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

With entire new Muſic, Scenery, Machinery, Dreſſes, &c.

LONDON:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY J. BARKER,
Dramatic Repository,
Great Russell-Street, Covent-Garden.
1800.
(Price Sixpence.)

☞ Whoever Pirates theſe Songs, or any part of them, will be Proſecuted as the Act directs.

PRINCIPAL PANTOMIME CHARACTERS.

Harlequin - -	Mr. BOLOGNA, Jun.
Clown - -	Mr. BOLOGNA, Sen.
Pierrot - -	Mr. DELPINI.
Columbine's Father -	Mr. SIMMONS.
Billy Bond-ſtreet -	Mr. SIMPSON.
Picolo - -	Mr. L. BOLOGNA.

The other Characters by Mr. Beverly, Mr. Atkins, Meſſrs. Lewis, Wilde, Hawtin, Platt, Abbot, Curties, Seaton, J. Cranfield, Blurton, Klanert, Howell, Wilkins, Griffith, Vials, Sutton, Duncan, &c. &c.

Columbine's Mother -	Mrs. WHITMORE.
And Columbine -	Mrs. MILLS.

Fancy's Attendants, Ladies, Dancers, &c. by

Mrs. Watts, Mrs. Follett, Mrs. Bologna, Miſs Daniels, Miſs Cox, Miſs Dibdin, Miſs Coombes, Mrs. Carne, Miſs Bologna, Miſs Jenkins, &c. &c.

PRINCIPAL VOCAL CHARACTERS.

Singing Harlequin	-	Mr. KING.
Bobby Brush	-	Mr. DIGHTON.
Margate Hoymaster	-	Mr. BLANCHARD.
Volunteer -	-	Mr. DENMAN.
Drunken Buck	-	Mr. THOMAS.
My Lady's Servant	-	Mr. STREET.

Attendants on Fancy, Messrs. Oddwell, Smith, J. Linton, Kendrick, Sawyer, Tett, &c.

Fancy -	-	Mrs. HOWELLS.
Moss Rose Woman	-	Mrs. BASTER.
Lass of the Lakes	-	Miss WATERS.
Mirth -	-	Miss SIMS.

Female Attendants on Fancy by Mesdames Sydney, Iliff, Leserve, Norton, Masters, Bluiton, Castelle, Burnett, Lloyd, &c.

The Overture and Music composed by Messrs. Moorehead and Attwood.

The Pantomime invented by Mr. T. DIBDIN, and produced, with the Dances, under the entire Direction of Mr. Bologna, Jun.

The Scenery by Messrs. Richards, Phillips, Lupino, Hollogan, Whitmore, Wilkins, Hodgings, Spitzer, and many Assistants.

The Machinery by Mr. Bologna, Jun. Mr. Cresswell, Messrs. Sloper, Goosetree, &c. &c.

Songs, Chorusses, &c.

Overture, MOOREHEAD.

The Pantomime opens with
THE REGIONS OF FANCY,

Designed & painted by Messr. Hollogan & Crefswell.

After which, AMONG A VARIETY OF NEW SCENERY, are introduced the following Portraits of Places painted from Views taken on the Spot, by the several Artists:

MARGATE PIER - -	Richards.
DANDELION - -	Hollogan.
ROAD FROM MARGATE TO TUNBRIDGE -	Ditto.
TUNBRIDGE WELLS - -	Philips.
CHARING CROSS - -	Lupino.
SCARBOROUGH - -	Philips.
ULSWATER LAKE - -	Richards.
BATH - -	Philips.
WEYMOUTH - -	Ditto.
FOREST LANDSCAPE -	Richards.

The Pantomime concludes with

FANCY'S PAVILION - -	Whitmore.

CHORUS. (*Fancy's Attendants.*)
Moorehead.

HAIL the joys of Fancy's court,
Song and laugh and dance and sport,
Fiction's children homage pay,
Fancy here keeps holiday.

Reci-

RECITATIVE, (*Fancy.*)--Moorehead.

But where's my minion, Fancy's beſt delight,
Trim footed Harlequin? the motley ſprite,
Whoſe frolic gambols in due annual round,
My powers exhibit upon mortal ground.

MIRTH.

Your fav'rite, potent Goddeſs, is at hand,
With all his followers, the antic band,
Of nimble mimes, a ſportive mirthful hoſt,
All anxious who ſhall tickle fancy moſt.

RECITATIVE, (*Fancy----to Harl.*)

Your ſuit declare, with me no longer dumb,
But among mortals, you muſt ſtill be---

Harlequin.

Mum!
I know it, Goddeſs—talking I deteſt,
So I'll be ſhort—leaſt ſaid is mended beſt.

AIR.

AIR, (Harlequin.)---Moorehead.

Pantaloon is churliſh ſtill,
Chides his daughter, baulks my will;
Proteus like, I change, but vain,
Unleſs you my cauſe ſuſtain,
Help me then to gain the fair,
And thus I'll trip it, trip it, trip it,
Thus I'll trip it, void of care.

CHORUS.

Fancy help to gain the fair,
And let us trip it, ſpite of care.

AIR. (*Harlequin.*)---Moorehead.

Ah, pity a lover, whoſe voice muſt be mute,
Whatever the anguiſh or ſorrow he feels;
Some tongues may run glib as the notes of a flute,
But alas, all my eloquence lies in my heels.
Then Fancy help to win the fair,
While thus I trip it, trip it, trip it,
Thus I'll trip it, ſpite of care.

Chorus. Fancy help to win the fair, &c.

RECI-

RECITATIVE, accompanied. (*Fancy.*) Moorehead.

Thrice I touch this magic bat,
With threefold wit endue this hat;
Arm'd by me in head and hand,
Preſto! Begone! my art command!
While thus I help to gain the fair,
You may trip it, trip it, trip it,
You may trip it, void of care.

CHORUS and DANCE.

Fancy help to win the fair;
While thus we trip it, void of care.

CATCH.---Moorehead.

Iſt. Footman. Call up the Doctor, call him quickly,
My lord is ill.
2nd. Footman. My lady's ſickly.
Pierrot. I come from ſignior Pantaloon,
If you no preſto, do your beſt o,
He ſo bad he vill die ſoon.
Iſt. Footman. Pr'ythe run faſter, call your maſter,
Drunken Buck. Halloo there!
2nd. Footman. Save my lady's life,
Drunken Buck. You needn't hurry, 'tis my wife.
Iſt. Footman. Call up the Doctor, &c.
2nd. Footman. Pr'ythee run faſter, &c.
Pierrot. If you no preſto, &c.
Drunken Buck. You needn't hurry, &c.

SONG,

SONG, (Margate Hoy-Man.)

Attwood.

Now's the ſeaſon for laughter and jollity,
Crowding together all ſtations and quality,
Margate-a-hoy ! as I merrily hollo t'ye,
All come aboard while the ſea breezes blow.
Swift as the arrow from bow flies to target,
Or packet from dear little Dublin to Parkgate,
I'll waft ye all ſafely from London to Margate,
And whiſtle a wind as we cheerily go.

CHORUS.

Now's the ſeaſon for laughing and jollity, &c.

II.

Bucks who hunt faſhion like quick ſcented mouſers,
Leave town, it exhibits no ſport for ye now, ſirs,
So pull off your boots and then put on your trowſers,
To join the gay throng, where the ſea breezes blow.
Pretty men-milliners, freſh water ſailors,
Smart prentices, aldermen, actors and taylors,
Let me and old ocean awhile be your jailors,
I'll ſing as he rocks, while you cheerily go.

Cho. Now's, &c.

III.

Fear not my veſſel, ſhe'll carry you ſteadily,
Whether ſhe's plac'd with her helm or her head a-lee,
Pay but the rhino, I'll pocket it readily,
As the ſails fill when the ſea breezes blow.

Footing and ſinging, the time away ſtealing,
Every one laughiug, fatigue never feeling,
For tho' you can't dance, ten to one you'll be reeling
On deck with the wind as we cheerily go.

SONG, (Bobby Bruſh.)---Old Tune.

Hither come each comic phiz,
Daſhing buck or formal quiz,
Ladies bring your ſmiling graces,
You ſhall laugh while *I make faces*,
Laughing features beſt I draw,
Ha, ha, ha, &c.

II.

Folly ever felt the ſhaft,
Of him who while he aim'd it laugh'd,
Hogarth who deteſted crying,
Bent his *bruſh* and ſhot her flying,
Such example be my law,
Ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

III.

Thoſe who love the harmleſs grin,
May find it fairly "ſold within,"
While your ſmiles, ſubſtantial treaſure,
Tickle me with grateful pleaſure,
Laughing then becomes a law,
Ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

SONG,

SONG, (Iriſh Flower Girl.) Moorehead.

'Twas in Ireland, ſweet place, where my daddy was living,
When firſt I was born upon Liffy's green banks,
Where content we enjoy'd, all that heav'n was giving,
And ſent by the prieſt of the pariſh our thanks.
O 'twas there too I firſt met with Teddy, my jewel,
Who brought me from home, tho' I lov'd him ſo well,
Aud now without pity, falſe hearted and cruel,
He's left me to mourn, while moſſ-roſes I ſell.

II.

I was ſweet ſeventeen, not a month or two older,
When Teddy firſt gave me the half of his heart,
But he ſoon took it back and then went for a ſoldier,
No man but a brute, could have done ſuch a part.
Ye laſſes of Ireland, take this for a warning,
Believe not the ſtories yonr ſweethearts may tell,
For if Parents and home you for love ſhould be ſcorning,
Like me, you'll be crying moſſ-roſes to ſell.

SONG.

SONG. (*Country Girl.*)---Moorehead.

At the foot of yon mountain, where Ulſwater plays,
The thirſt of the peaſant to ſlake,
A damſel ſo lovely enliven'd our days,
And we call'd her the Laſs of the Lake.

II.

The little god Cupid invaded her breaſt,
Such aim it was cruel to take,
In the white garb of truth the deceiver was dreſt,
Who betray'd the ſweet Laſs of the Lake.

III.

The falſe one impos'd on ſimplicity's child,
She thought he but liv'd for her ſake,
He wedded another! poor Lucy went wild,
And ended her woes in the Lake.

IV.

By moon-light her form has been ſaid to appear *,
While ſweethearts by love kept awake,
Repair to this ſpot, and ſhed ſympathy's tear
O'er the poor ruin'd Laſs of the Lake.

* The laſt verſe omitted in repreſentation.

SONG.

*SONG, (*Volunteer Officer.*)-Moorehead.

Why ſleeps the antient ſpirit of the land,
Whilſt marſhall'd on the neighbouring ſhore,
In clamours wild and loud, a furious band
Threaten to drench our Iſle with gore!
On Britiſh hills their ſtandards ſhall they plant?
In Britiſh vales the Gallic warhoop chant?

II.

In vain we of our iſland proudly boaſt,
Which rampart waves encircling bind,
If fierce deſpoilers landing on the coaſt,
An eaſy conqueſt o'er us find.
From France we're parted by the friendly *main*,
Shall they unite us to it by a chain?

III.

O no! arm! arm the nation to defend,
Let every patriot breaſt beat high!
Before we'll to a tyrant conqu'ror bend,
We'll count it victory to die.
Ranged on our ſhores we'll meet the daring foe,
And *Union* ſhall give vigor to the blow.

* For this Song the Author of the Pantomime is indebted to a literary Friend to the Theatre.

Reci-

RECITATIVE. (*Fancy.*)---Attwood.

For ſhame! deſponding, when on Fancy's aid
You're free to call? no longer be afraid
Of adverſe deſtiny, on me depend,
Fancy will ever prove thy deareſt friend,
Then turn *thine* eye to where, by ſprites deceiv'd,
Thy foes are puniſh'd, and my power believ'd.

Recitative and Song.(*Fancy.*)--Attwood.

Mortals, deſpair not! what ye now endure
Through Fancy's agency, can Fancy cure.
Blue devils! megrims! vaniſh hence afar,
And thou (*to lover*) depart! to mutual love a bar.
Your comic antics (*to 2 clowns*) ſhall my court delight,
You (*to Columbine*'s father) muſt ſubmit the lovers to unite.
Whilſt *you*, ye frolic pair (*to Har. and Col.*) no more diſtreſt,
In Fancy's bright domain ſhall long be bleſt.

SONG.---(Attwood.)

Ev'ry ſorrow here be ended,
Mortals, led by me, create
Woes that fortune ne'er intended,
'Tis my wand that vies with fate.
Yet, tho' I ſuch pow'rs diſcover,
Fancied evils to diſplay,
I can bleſs the conſtant lover,
Bid him ſmile, and make him gay.

II.

If by dæmons fierce, fantaſtic,
I the guilty wretch affright,
Still can I with force elaſtic
Raiſe repentance to delight.
Narrow is the mind's expanſion,
Where my art attains no ſway;
Mortals, then, behold my manſion,
Here my riches I diſplay.

FINALE.

FULL CHORUS.——(Attwood.)

Welcome, thrice welcome, to Fancy's abode,
To her errors, ye mortals, be kind,
And howe'er you may chance to have far'd on the road,
Here laugh and leave ſorrow behind.
Ha! ha! ha! — Ha! ha! ha!
Laugh, laugh, and leave ſorrow behind.

THE END.

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